SOPHIA to ALONZO.

[Price One Shilling.]

SOPHIA to ALONZO,

AN

HEROIC EPISTLE.

- - - - - - - Væ, meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet Jecur!
Tunc nec Mens mihi, nec Color
Certâ ſede manent: humor et in Genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.

HOR. Lib. I. Ode 13.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR;

And Sold by CHARLES BATHURST, in Fleet-Street.

MDCCLXXIX.

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ARGUMENT.

ALONZO, through a peculiar Coldneſs of Conſtitution, rejects the proffer'd Affections of SOPHIA; who, ſtung with his Indifference, flies from him to bury her Diſquiets in the Diſſipation of a Court; but finding herſelf unable to change her Ideas with her Situation, determines to leave the Kingdom:—The following EPISTLE was written previous to her Embarkation.

SOPHIA to ALONZO.

FROM You ſpoor Recompenſe for Love!) I claim
One Tear of Pity—Bluſhes ſpeak my Shame—
For Love? Believe it not:—yet oh! that Sigh
Reveals what Modeſty wou'd fain deny.
Do I ſtill love, and ſtill my Paſſion own?
Yes—my fond Boſom burns for thee alone;
For thee my Breaſt retains the glowing Flame,
And leaps and flutters at ALONZO's Name:
Waft it, ye Echoes, to the vaulted Sky;
I love, I languiſh, ſicken, droop, and die.
Forſake me not, though Weakneſs has betray'd,
Nor hate the Wretch your fatal Charms have made.

When

When on that ſad, ſad Morn, I bade Adieu
To Reſt, to Happineſs, to Peace,—to You;
(Oh, Morn accurſt! I left th' enchanting Plains
Where Love's ſweet Poiſon ſtole through all my Veins)
Contending Paſſions choak'd the riſing Sighs,
And flowing Tears guſh'd from my o'ercharg'd Eyes:
My ling'ring, lifeleſs Frame, forgot to move,
And my whole Soul was ſunk, and loſt in Love:
On my parch'd Lip no vital Moiſture hung;
No Accent trembled on my ſilent Tongue;
Mine Eyes entranc'd, ſo taught to look on thee
No other Object ſought, but gaz'd on Vacancy.

Short is the Date my budding Beauties know,
Nipp'd 'ere the untimely Bloſſom learns to blow:
Grief, canker'd Grief has worn my youthful Bloom
Pale as the weeping Statues o'er a Tomb;
While thou'rt as dead and ſenſeleſs to my Pains
As the chill'd, lifeleſs, long-interr'd Remains.
Now, in the Pride of Grandeur, Pomp of State,
Behold SOPHIA, miſerably great,

Com-

Compell'd to hear—oh tyrant, tyrant Rule—!
The unmeaning Whiſpers of each courtly Fool;
While cold Politeneſs, with her artful Wiles,
Forces Attention and reluctant Smiles.
Ah! how unlike, when liſt'ning Rapture hung
On the ſoft Muſic of your flowing Tongue;
My raviſh'd Senſes dwelt on ev'ry Sound,
And love-bedimpled Smiles ſpontaneous play'd around.
Oh Ecſtacy of Thought! oh Bliſs ſupreme!—
Yet where, alas! is now the tranſient Dream?
How chang'd the Scene!—my Shrieks diſturb the Night,
While viſionary Phantoms croſs my Sight.
Now through wild Deſarts, barren Heaths I ſtray;
Now trip it lightly o'er the flow'ry Way;
Now rove where Iſis happier Climates laves;
Now climb o'er craggy Cliffs, now daſh into the Waves.
Now to my View thy Charms a Fondneſs wear—
I claſp the Phantom—but thou art not there.
A Fondneſs!—reſt, ye Terrors of the Mind—
Ne'er was ALONZO, cold ALONZO! kind.

Why doſt thou, Memory, to that Moment rove,
When my whole Soul was melted into Love:
When on the inviting Down we freely lay,
Pride, Honour, Virtue, all diſſolv'd away:
When murmuring Sighs expanding Thoughts reveal'd,
And Bluſhes ſpoke what virgin Fears conceal'd?
When mutual Kiſſes kindled fierce Deſires,
Luxuriant Tranſports—unextinguiſh'd Fires!
Hah! unextinguiſh'd—yes, the faithleſs Boy,
The dear perfidious, ſpurn'd the proffer'd Joy:
Spurn'd—though each ſhort-fetch'd, languid Heave betray'd
The longing Wiſhes of a love-ſick Maid.
Why doſt thou, Memory, to that Moment rove?
Oh, ſpurn him, Pride—yet, oh forgive him, love!
Why doſt thou, Fate, our fondeſt Thoughts prepare;
Raiſe them to Hope, to ſink them in Deſpair?
Why haſt thou, Nature, taught his Breaſt to be
Alive to Paſſions, and yet dead to me?

Oh, Woman! frail, weak, impotent, and vain!
Ne'er truſt to Man, unfeeling Man! again.

Avert,

Avert, with ſtudied Care, the glancing Eye;
Check the raſh Progreſs of the riſing Sigh;
Smother each Impulſe, and with niceſt Art
Reſtrain the labouring Thought that warms the Heart;
For Men deſpiſe (although by Love betray'd)
The eaſy Conqueſt o'er a yielding Maid.

I hate ALONZO—peace, revolting Heart—
Oh! how I hate thee—yet away with Art:
Let it have Pow'r thine icy Breaſt to move,
I'll ſay I hate—yet give me leave to love.

But one kind Glance, one tender Look beſtow;
One Glance o'erpays eternity of Woe:
Let not your Pity this ſmall Boon deny;
Then, half appeas'd, my flitting Rage ſhall fly
On the light Pinions of the floating Wind,
And leave no Trace but Love and thee behind.
Meanly I ſue where my fond Wiſhes lead;
Affection ſinks me to a Wretch indeed.
But own you've wrong'd me, and each riſing Joy
Will preſs to pardon the dear faithleſs Boy.

Alas!

Alas! th' averted Eye, contracted Brow,
Deſpiſe what loſt SOPHIA can beſtow.
Thus falling Angels ſcorn to be forgiv'n,
And ſpurn the proffer'd Peace of injur'd Heav'n.

For me had Titles been decreed by Fate,
Or had ſhe curs'd me with Pomp, Rank, and State;
Not ev'n your Charms cou'd one ſoft Paſſion move;—
Rank—Titles—Honours—are the Tomb of Love.
O'er her cold Aſhes ſee they tow'r on high,
Charm the low Mind, and catch the vulgar Eye.
Your titled Lovers, by proud Intereſt tied,
Dull as their marbled Sires, lie Side by Side;
Drag, with inſipid Eaſe, the tinſel Chain,
Senſeleſs alike to Pleaſure and to Pain.

When on that Hour—perhaps by Pity mov'd—
You made me credulous believe you lov'd;
Your ſubtle Accents to my Boſom ſtole,
And flaſh'd a ſhort-liv'd Rapture thro' my Soul.
The livid Fires, that flitt along the Sky,
Thus ſtrike ſome wretched Suppliant as they fly,

Of

Of Motion, Senſe, almoſt of Life bereav'd;
Piercing, tho' tranſient; felt, tho' ſcarce perceiv'd.
The Gleams of Light once paſt, Miſery will find
Tempeſts of Tears, and Storms of Woe behind.
'Twas in that Hour your Treſſes kiſs'd the Breeze,
Which wanton'd down your Neck in careleſs Eaſe,
You clip'd the Rovers, wove a neat Deſign;
Then claſp'd—extatic Bliſs!—your Lips to mine.
Take this (you cry'd) take this, and when you view
Theſe Treſſes, think, oh think, on whom they grew.
Cou'd I forget thee?—Sooner Saints cou'd lie
Expiring, and forget the Deity.

Now, when ſecluded from inſpecting Eyes,
To my rapt Sight thoſe lovely Treſſes riſe,
I fondly kiſs them—drop the ſtealing Tear—
And bluſh and ſigh as if yourſelf was near.

Could I once more behold thy wond'rous Charms,
But once more claſp thee in theſe longing Arms;
Once, e're I tempt the foaming, reſtleſs Main,
What then ſhou'd tear me from thy Breaſt?—Diſdain!

Ev'n thy Diſdain—all cruel as thou art,
My ſtill fond Soul recoils, and dreads to part.
I fly to torpid Climes, where brutal Men
Catch the rude Manners from the ſavage Den.
From thee, in ſearch of Peace, to them I fly;
To them, leſs baneful than thy Cruelty.

If, from her Houſe of Tears, meagre Deſpair
(Whoſe bloated Eyes with woe-ſtruck Horror glare)
Has forc'd her Paſſage to my tortur'd Breaſt,
Bliſs have I known, which cannot be expreſs'd:
Bliſs that o'erpays me all my preſent Pain;
Th' impaſſion'd Kiſs, that thrills through every Vein:
The warm Embrace, where Souls, ſet looſe and free,
Leap from their Seats, and pant with Ecſtacy.
Ev'n now I live again the Raptures paſt;
Raptures, alas! too exquiſite to laſt.
Memory, avaunt!—for Grief alone deſign'd;
Ghoſt of departed Joys, that haunts the Mind.
Reflection, hence! and gnaw that cruel Heart
Whoſe Arm can ſuffer, whoſe Tongue bid depart.

Draw high the Dart, whoſe well-barb'd Point appears
Steep'd in the Poiſon of repentant Tears:
Strike home—yet ſtay—the cruel Deed revoke—
'Tis my ALONZO!—Stop the impending Stroke.—
See with what Grace the dear Deceiver moves—
He's my ALONZO ſtill—he lives—he loves.—
Hold thy raſh Arm—recall the harſh Decree—
He looks—he ſmiles—he loves—but loves not me.
Strike now—but on SOPHIA's Breaſt beſtow
The Dart, that pants and leaps to meet the Blow.

When thou ſhalt wed—be ſtill my Heart, and reſt
Ye ſtruggling Tumults, that diſturb my Breaſt.
When thou ſhalt wed—Oh happy Nymph, who ſhares
Thy bliſsful Joys, and ev'n thy heavieſt Cares!
What Cares can trouble, if ſhe virtuous prove,
And love thee with a loſt SOPHIA's Love!
Be happy then—of ev'ry Wiſh poſſeſs'd;
"Each other bleſſing; by each other bleſs'd."
And if one tender Thought from her can rove,
Oh! give to Friendſhip, what you ſpare from Love.

When Grief has worn theſe weary Limbs, and Woe
Has giv'n me ev'ry Rack ſhe can beſtow—
When pitying Heav'n demands the Life it gave,
Caſt but one Look upon my peaceful Grave;
Drop but one Tear to waſh away my Shame,
And blot out all Remembrance of my Name.
And if your Bride has felt one Pang for thee,
Or one faint Trace of my Anxiety;
Shou'd you reflect, and ſigh at paſt Diſtreſs,
Her generous Soul will never prize you leſs,
Nor envy me the Honours I acquire,
To fall thus pitied, thus forgiv'n expire.

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